

I write kind of curious to night -
but I can assure you I am perfectly
sane in our days, but there certainly
was a time last summer when I
thought I was going to be crazy.

I have looked at our little Josie
twenty times to-day and wished you
could see her. She looks so good and
so healthy and happy it is enough to
do any one good to look at her.

Only think: whole days pass ~~when~~
without my having an occasion to
reprove her. And when I do I never
have a half hours trouble with ^{her}. But
poor little Annie ^{is so constituted that she} is a good deal of
trouble and still I love her as much
as I do my darling little Jo. And she
is always doing something uncommon for
so small a child to do. To night she
had a pencil and piece of newspaper and
drew a picture of a girl sliding down
hill and a very natural looking picture

Transcription:

[fragment letter, Box 1 f.29]

I write kind of curious to night
but I can assure you I am perfectly
sane in our days, but there certainly
was a time last summer when I
thought I was going to be crazy.

I have looked at our little Josie
twenty times to-day and wished you
could see her. She looks so good and
so healthy and happy it is enough to
do any one good to look at her

Only think! whole days pass ~~when~~
without my having an occasion to
reprove her. And when I do I never
have a half hours trouble with [^]her. But
poor little Annie [^]is so constituted that she is a good deal of
trouble and still I love her as much
as I do my darling little Jo. And she
is always doing something uncomon for
so small a child to do. To night she
had a pencil and piece of newspaper and
drew a picture of a girl sliding down
hill and a very natural looking pictur

it was. And then she drew a crow
that was more like one than I could
draw, unless I had a picture of one
before me and she had nothing only
as she could remember of seeing them
out in the fields

But it is so late I must stop
writing or my throat will pain me
all night. Good bye my own darling
Ever your own

Emmie

Transcription:

it was. And then she drew a crow
that was more like one than I could
draw, unless I had a picture of one
before me and she had nothing only
as she could remember of seeing them
out in the fields

But it is so late I must stop
writing or my throat will pain me
all night. Good bye my own darling
Ever your own
Emmie